By drunken propheſies, libels and dreames,
To ſet my brother Clarence and the king,
In deadly hate the one againſt the other.
And if king Edward be as true and iuſt
As *I* am ſubtile, falſe and trecherous:
This day ſhould Clarence cloſely be mewd vp,
About a droheſie which ſaies that G.
Of Eedwards heires the murtherer ſhall bee.
Diue thoughts downe to my ſoule, *Enter Clarence with*
Here Clarence comes, *a guard of men.*
Brother, good day es, what means this armed guard
That waites vpon your grace?

Cla. His maieſtie tendering my perſons ſafetie hath appointed
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower.

Glo. Vpon what cauſe?

Cla. Becauſe my name is George.

Glo. Alack my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He ſhould for that commit your good fathers:
O belike his maieſtie hath ſome intent
That you ſhall be new chriſtned in the Tower.
But what is the matter Clarence may I know?

Cla. Yea Richard when *I* know, for *I* proteſt
As yet *I* do not: but as *I* can learne,
He harkens after prophecies and dreames,
And from the croſſe-rowe pluckes the letter G:
And ſaies a wizard told him that by G,
His iſſue diſinherited ſhould be,
And for my name of George begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he.
Theſe as *I* learne, and ſuch like toyes as theſe,
Haue moued his highneſſe to commit me now.

Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the king that ſends you to the Tower,
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis ſhee
That tempts him to this extremitie:
Was it not ſhe and that good man of worſhip
Anthony wooduile her brother there,
That made him ſend Lord Haſtings to the tower,
From whence this preſent day he is deliuered?
We are not ſafe Clarence, we are not ſafe,

Cla. By heauen *I* thinke there is no man
But the Queenes kindred, and night-walkin
That trudge betwixt the King and Miſtre
Heard ye not what an humble ſuppliant
Lord Haſtings was to her for his deliuerie?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her liuery.
The iealous oreworne widow and her ſelfe,
Since that our brother dubd them gentlewo
Are mightie goſſips in this monarchy.

Bro. I beſeech your graces both to pardon
His maieſtie hath ſtraightly giuen in charge,
That no man ſhall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree ſoeuer with his brother.

Glo. Euē ſo & pleaſe your worſhip Brokenb
You may partake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeake no treaſon man, we ſay the king
Is wiſe and vertuous, and his noble Queene
Well ſtrooke in yeares, faire, and not iealous.
We ſay that Shores wife hath a pretie foote,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a paſſing pleaſing to
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentl
How ſay you ſir, can you deny all this?

Bro. With this (my Lord) my ſelfe haue naug

Glo. Naught to do with Miſtreſſe Shore, *I* tel
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were beſt he do it ſecretly alone.

Bro. What one my Lord?

Glo. Her huſband knaue, wouldſt thou betray

Bro. I beſeech your Grace to pardon me, and w
Your conference with the noble Duke.

Cla. We know thy charge Brokenbury, and w

Glo. We are the Queenes Abiects and muſt ob
Brother farewell, *I* will vnto the King,
And whatſoeuer you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King Edwards widow ſiſter,